

Norwich Bulletin and Courier.

116 YEARS OLD.

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Norwich, Thursday, May 30, 1912.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Election Monday, June 3, 1912.

Mayor
GILBERT L. HEWITT.

Aldermen
ELMER C. JEWETT,
LOUIS H. GERR,

Councilmen
ASHLEY T. BOON,
HENRY C. LANE,
PERCIVAL W. CHAPMAN,
CAMPER K. BAILEY,

City Clerk
ARTHUR G. CROWELL.

City Treasurer
FRANK H. POSE.

City Sheriffs
GEORGE W. HOUSE,
GEORGE O. BENSON.

Water Commissioners
ANSEL A. BECKWITH.

School Committee
HENRY A. TIRRELL,
SHEPARD B. PALMER,
HERBERT M. LEROU.

MEMORIAL DAY.

More and more as the years roll by do the people realize the great debt of gratitude which they owe to the members of the Grand Army. More and more do they appreciate the sacrifices and hardships that they underwent for the maintenance of their government and their country. Today there is left but a remnant of that mighty force which went to the front in the civil war. They are fast fading in the battle of life and as the years roll by the toll grows greater and greater. The present rate is \$40,000 a year.

Today, in honor of those who laid down their lives and many of whom occupy unmarked graves, the nation bows in memory and respect. Not with the same activity which characterized their setting forth fifty years ago, but with the same firm and positive determination, do the veterans of today arrange for and consummate the exercises which have such a great significance. The true spirit of soldierly devotion to their departed comrades will ever prevail, and as the silent host grows greater, the duty which must fall on other shoulders is bound to be taken up with fresh vigor by the sons of veterans and other patriotic citizens throughout the land and ever perpetuated. The depleted ranks must be filled and the spirit of "I made to pervade the hearts of every one who is permitted to share the benefits so dearly bought."

Everyone can take part today in the attendance upon some part of the programme. It is presumed that all who have flowers have donated generously to the veterans for the decking of the graves. The flags can be thrown out by the house, half-masted, and there is no question but what the throng which gathers at the exercises will indicate that the soldier dead will never be forgotten.

GET OUT THE VOTE.

Anarchy is a serious political malady, and the quicker it is dispelled the better it always is for the possessor and his interests. The republicans have the opportunity next Monday to elect the city clerk, and being the big year it will carry with it the election of the city government. It is highly important that discretion should be exercised by the voters at large in the selection of men who are to take control of the city's business. Too often has the municipality suffered from the inclination to let the contest go by default, which is an ignominious and un-American attitude.

The republican ticket embraces men who are well and favorably known in the city, who are accustomed in many instances with the operation of the city's business and have the important qualification of having made a success of their own personal business. Being men of affairs they have the welfare of the city at heart and full reliance can be placed upon their ability and intentions.

The opportunity of being given the privilege of voting for a ticket which bears the full sanction of the unanimous republican caucus should arouse every republican voter to the full realization of the importance of every one participating and to the keenest interest in the welfare of the party and the city.

TAMPERING WITH DELEGATES.

As tendencies indicate, Roosevelt was successful in winning the New Jersey delegation, making a clean sweep of the state, in which the last of the strenuous campaigning, before the national convention, has probably been done. There is one more state, South Dakota, which will select its delegates next week, but otherwise the scene shifts to Chicago. It is a question now of delegates and holding them to their instructions and pledges against the influences and allurements which are being brought to bear on the Taft men to change their allegiance. The desperate efforts of the Roosevelt men to win by foul means if not by fair is shown by their work among the Connecticut delegates. According to the New Haven Journal-Courier, the Roosevelt men claim six of Connecticut's delegation, and many of the delegation have been invited to Oyster Bay to see the Colonel. None have gone and none will go. It is safe to assume, for Connecticut, has spoken its attitude, and its delegation will be sold for Taft. What is being done to him, however, there is good reason to believe, is being done in other states, so that it is necessary for the president-elect to keep a firm grip on his delegates. This with the delegations which are contested and which he is entitled to by all the rules which govern such affairs, are necessary to give him the nomination. His success is looked for and needed by the country, and the outcome of the convention is confidently awaited by the republicans, and once it is decided, it is to be hoped it will be obeyed.

This is a day of sad memories, but it has been glorified by noble deeds.

AUTO DRIVING.

It is not necessary to act a trap to discover instances of reckless auto driving each and every day not only on the outskirts where good roads tempt the drivers to speed but in the congested portions of the city the same spirit is manifested by the chauffeurs and owners of the auto. Auto drivers acknowledge that they take all the chances possible, and that instead of the law being a deterrent, it is an accident, or a close call for one, that causes them to consider the course they are following.

There are plenty of laws on the statute books of the state to stop the reckless driving of the machines which threaten the life and limb of those within and without the car, but they are not properly enforced. The daily violation of the law is an encouragement to continue it, and like the riding of the bicycle on the sidewalks, it will be done until it is shown that the authorities intend that the law shall be enforced. Thankfully, all auto drivers are not in the reckless class, but it is those intended to be reached who have no respect for the law.

On the subject of reckless autoing, Governor Baldwin joins ex-Mayor Thomas of Waterbury in the latter's interferences against so many reckless automobilists and there are thousands who will agree with them, but the suggestion that the legislature should enact more law or further restrictions would hardly accomplish the end desired, since the present law is not law but a mere suggestion. The law now on the books is not to keep the drivers within bounds if they are driven to respect them.

AVOID SPOILS SYSTEM.

At a time when the president is placed in the position of being placed in the classified service to go away with the federal patronage system, there should be an inclination to strengthen the merit system, which is threatened by the rise in the spoils system. The spoils system is a relic of the past and should be abolished. The merit system is a relic of the past and should be abolished.

MEMORIAL DAY.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The veterans who follow this day have the respect and love of their fellow citizens.

With all the phrases of the coffee suit it hasn't diminished the consumption any and is not likely to.

When George Ade declared the cocktail followed the flag, he did not have in mind the oyster cocktail.

Happy thought for today: All is not gold that glitters—facts are not always what they are taken for.

Harvard's annual income of two and a half millions leaves no doubt as to the solidity of the university's foundation.

The republicans who are condemning Taft now are likely to be condemning him the highest praise four years hence.

There is nothing quite so profitable as a presidential year for cutting down the interest in the stock exchange, as transactions show.

A sentiment the progressives endorse—Boswell the saint—Taft the sinner? These have the right to the rear without realizing it.

No doubt the Colonel thinks the record in New Jersey was "Bully!" Now Dixon can command Taft to make way for the Colonel's water wagon.

The Springfield Republican is right when it regards "Mr. Taft as the most unjust, the most brutally treated, of the rear without realizing it."

Inquiry is being made how fish horns are sold into politics and Fourth of July celebrations. The horns of the old politicians used to take were not of this kind.

Roosevelt says that the people called him, but he finds it necessary to send them to their instructions and pledges against the influences and allurements which are being brought to bear on the Taft men to change their allegiance. The desperate efforts of the Roosevelt men to win by foul means if not by fair is shown by their work among the Connecticut delegates. According to the New Haven Journal-Courier, the Roosevelt men claim six of Connecticut's delegation, and many of the delegation have been invited to Oyster Bay to see the Colonel. None have gone and none will go. It is safe to assume, for Connecticut, has spoken its attitude, and its delegation will be sold for Taft. What is being done to him, however, there is good reason to believe, is being done in other states, so that it is necessary for the president-elect to keep a firm grip on his delegates. This with the delegations which are contested and which he is entitled to by all the rules which govern such affairs, are necessary to give him the nomination. His success is looked for and needed by the country, and the outcome of the convention is confidently awaited by the republicans, and once it is decided, it is to be hoped it will be obeyed.

Once the Colonel declared he would go from the White house to the White house in his hands and knees to make Mr. Roosevelt president; and now he says he will not reside at Chicago. How Roosevelt has changed!

All the people who have voted for Roosevelt in the presidential primaries do not agree to a number equal to Taft's plurality in 1908. There are 1,800,000 republican voters who have expressed no preference yet!

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 300 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

The Truly Brave.

Who are the truly brave?
The boy or girl with self control,
Who'll scorn to wrong a living soul!

What a Little Girl Heard.

I just ran away to the buttercup lot,
When mamma told me to better not
And a little brown birdie up in a tree,
As true as you live, kept a saying to me:
"Narcissus May! run away!"
"I'll I didn't know what to do,
Now, how do you suppose he knew?"

And once we went to the meadow brook,
Jesse and me, with a fishing hook,
Over and over, and just as plain,
"Narcissus May! run away!"
And Jesse heard him, too,
Now, how do you suppose he knew?

Jesse, he guesses what I heard
Was just my conscience, 'stead of a bird.
But the water looked so scowly and black,
We took hold of hands and ran right back!

And all the way we heard it say:
"That is the best thing to do."
And mamma, she said so, too.

UNCLE JED'S TALK WITH WIDE-AWAKES.

Very few people realize how the wind toys with plants and serves them. The wind, you know, freshens the waters with new air, dries the earth after heavy rains, co-operating with the sun, and distributes seeds. These forces in nature do not exist for themselves alone, but serve God in various ways constantly. You must all know the plainland which is common on the lawns and in the fields, a beautiful weed often called rib-grass. When it gets old enough to bloom it sends up a tall spike which is soon covered with buds, which are followed by tiny flowers and then by seeds which the wind distributes. The plainland could not live without the aid of the wind any more than can the clover without the help of the bees. The little flowers bloom in their order from the bottom of the spike upward just like gladioli and the wind carries the pollen to the waiting stamens and there are covered with tiny hairs which catch the pollen from the wind as it is passing by, and when the seed is made it is a fuzzy crown and is held loosely so that the passing wind takes it up and drops it where it will find soil and root and grow up to greet the wind again the following year. And as if realizing that many of these seeds would fall on barren ground, they are supplied with a great surplus. Through the laws of nature God is doing wonderful things all of the time, and if we live in his light anxious to learn the truth we shall have it revealed to us.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Harry Gleason of Stonington: I am writing you again to thank you for that prize book you sent me as a prize for my story. I have started to read it, and I am half way through the book. It is real good. I thank you again for the book.

Wilbur D. Hobby of Guilfordville: I wish to thank you for the nice book I received. It is very interesting. I enjoyed reading it very much.

Jacob Rabinovitch of Norwich: I thank you very much for the book I won. I find it very interesting.

Anna Duryea of Scotland: You don't know how pleased I was when I received my prize book "The First Corner." It is very interesting and I thank you many times for it. With best wishes to all of the Wide Awake and to you.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Alfreda E. Brosnoff of Norwich, "Cascabel the Conjuror," by Jules Verne.

2—Ruth Kingsley of Norwich, "Anderson's Fairy Tales."

3—Rose Murphy of Taftville, "The Little Lone Prince," by Miss Muloch.

4—Mary Shugrue of Norwich, "Sweet Content," by Mrs. Molesworth.

5—Earl James of Warrenville, "The Frozen North," by M. Douglas.

6—Alice Gorman of Versailles, "Adventures of a Brownie," by Miss Muloch.

7—Ednah Alquist of Norwich, "Cousin Maude," by Mary J. Holmes.

8—Vivian M. Stone of Hampton, "A Gay Charmer," by L. T. Meade.

Book winners living in Norwich may be seen at the office.

THE LITTLE GREEN TENTS.

The Little Green Tents where the soldier's sleep,
And the sunbeams play and the women weep,
Are covered with flowers today; and between the tents walk the weary few who were young and stalwart in 'sixty-two, when they went to the war away. The little green tents are built of sod, and they are not long, and they are not broad, but the soldiers have lots of room; and the sod is part of the land they saved when the flag of the enemy darkly waved, the symbol of dole and doom. The little green tent is a thing divine; the little green tent is a country's shrine, where patriots kneel and pray; and the brave men left, so old, so few, were young and stalwart in 'sixty-two, when they went to the war away.

—Walt Mason.

quill at The Bulletin business office after 10 a. m. Thursday, or any day thereafter.

LITTLE ORIGINAL STORIES.

The Starving Indian.

One day an Indian was roaming around a village. A settler saw him and told the Indian if he moved nearer he would shoot him. The Indian came nearer and the settler shot at him. By luck he missed him. He knew that the man would have to reload and ran toward him. When he got near enough the Indian made signs to him for something to eat.

The man understood him and brought out some food and water. The Indian ate. Then he told his story. His tribe had chased him into the woods. While he was telling the story he had been eating the food. He never saw again by the Indians, but came back to the settler. Then he went back into the woods and the settler never saw him again.

HARRY HAMFORD, Age 12. Plainfield.

An Invalid's Supper.

"I can't eat any more of this nasty stuff!" said Phoebe to her nurse. Phoebe had been ill with the measles and while in bed had been given oranges and jelly and all kinds of nice things, and when she got well again she did not at all like eating her usual supper of bread and milk.

"Don't be naughty, Miss Phoebe," replied Nurse. "But finish your supper without any more nonsense."

"I can't, and I won't!" cried Phoebe, rubbing her eyes to make the tears come.

"Here's the Master coming upstairs!" cried Nurse warningly. "I wonder what he'll say when he sees such an ugly face!"

The door opened and in came Father with a brown paper parcel in his hand. Came Father with a brown paper parcel in his hand.

"Well! How is the invalid?" he asked smilingly. "Is she strong enough to get up?"

"Oh, father, darling!" said Phoebe, now all smiles. "Is it something for me?"

"Yes, something for you by post. But Mother said I was not to open it until after you had finished your supper."

"I'll be done in a moment!" said Phoebe and she took up her spoon, and in two minutes the cup was empty.

"Now, Father!"

Father untied the cords, and with eager haste Phoebe opened the box and beheld the loveliest doll in the world.

"O Father!" she cried throwing her arms around his neck. "She is a beauty!"

Phoebe got well and lived very happy all her life.

ANON.

Two Little Feet.

When James White was a very small boy his papa bought him a pair of button boots. They had cloth tops and kid toes and heels. James danced for joy when he saw them. She put "You shall wear them tomorrow," said his papa.

James went to bed early that night, for he wanted tomorrow to come quickly.

The next morning his sister put on the boots for him, but he was not to school. James went about saying: "Two little feet, two little feet," all the morning.

"Oh, yes, we were so good little feet, and not get into mischief," said papa.

James' mother was expecting some friends to tea.

"I must make some cake," said his mother, "and James can come into the kitchen if he will be good."

James promised to be good. It was a rainy day and the wind was howling. He had a little taste of the sugar and butter when it was all beaten.

Then he saw the flour put in slowly. At last it was ready for the oven. When it was done his mamma wanted him to help her to eat it.

Do not touch it with your fingers," said his mother. "Mamma wants it to look very nice." James' mamma went back to the kitchen to make a salad.

"Oh, yes, we were so good little feet, and not get into mischief," said papa.

He came in once or twice and said: "Two little feet, mamma, two little feet."

Yes, my dear; I know the little boots are pretty."

By and by Mrs. White went out on the piazza. What do you think she saw? Her little boy had been standing on the loaf of cake. She could see the shape of both little boots.

James looked at his mamma and said: "Pretty boots; two little feet make mamma's cake all pretty."

Mamma did not think so. When she told the company one of them said: "I must have a piece of James' cake. I want the stamp of the two little feet." He thought he was helping mamma.

Then all the visitors ate a piece of the cake and said: "What a lovely cake! The little feet always walk in the right way, and climb over all things as easily as they climbed over the top of mamma's cake."

J. D. HOLLINGSWORTH, Age 10. Norwich.

Goldsmith's Kindness.

Oliver Goldsmith had some knowledge of medicine, having studied it at a university in Holland.

A poor woman, hearing of his great humanity, solicited him by letter to send her son, who had given her a husband, who had lost his appetite and was greatly disheartened.

The good natured poet in a short time waited on the lady, and after some conversation with her husband,

My First Hunting Trip.

One Saturday afternoon my father, Norman Baker, George Noel and myself went out hunting. Norman, father and I each had a shotgun.

After we had gone a little way, papa shot a squirrel just as he was going into his burrow. A little way ahead we saw three large chestnut trees. So we watched them until a squirrel would show his head. We did not see any there, so we went on.

We went a little way farther, when papa shot a woodcock. We then started for home.

At the end of an opening was an old hollow tree. I went down where it was and fired my gun. I fired for the first time in a shotgun and killed my first ray.

After a while our dog, Nellie, started up a squirrel and he ran into a swamp. It was so far away that we could not get a shot at it. So we went after it.

A squirrel ran down a tree that ran through the swamp. Norman fired at him, but missed him. I did not aim, but fired in the direction of his hole, and he ran into it.

I looked up and saw a partridge which was flying over a field. I fired at it and hit it. I fired at it and hit it. I fired at it and hit it.

George saw a squirrel on a tree over his head. Papa let him take his gun and shoot the squirrel. We then went after the partridge. Norman fired at it, but we couldn't find her. We went home feeling tired, but full of joy over our good luck.

EARL JAMES, Age 12. Warrenville.

The Dutch and Their Country.

In Europe there is a country called Holland, or the Netherlands. The Dutch live there. The country is very low, and people have to build dikes to keep out the water. There are no stones in Holland, and the houses on the dikes were brought from other countries. The country is full of water, so they build canals and have many busy water streets as dirt streets.

Some of the people live in house-boats on the water. They have windmills all over the country to pump the water from the fields. The people dress very queer. They are very fond of their colors. They wear wooden shoes, and when they go in the house they take off their shoes.

They work all the time except on Sunday. Then they go to church and listen to the preacher all day.

ALICE GORMAN, Age 9. Versailles.

Nathan Hale.

Nathan Hale was born in South Coventry. He was a spy in the revolutionary war.

Washington wanted somebody to go and see what the British were going to do. He asked the soldiers who would

found him, sinking in sickness and poverty. The doctor said they should have sent him in an hour, when he would have sent some pills which he believed would prove efficacious.

He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a pill box with the following label:

"These must be used as necessities; require; be patient and of good heart; and sent his servant with it to the poor man, who found that it contained a remedy superior to drugs and poisons."

RUTH KINGSLEY, Age 12. Norwich.

The Pin and the Needle.

A pin and a needle were both in a work basket. They had nothing to do so they began to quarrel.

"I should like to know what you are good for without a head," said the pin.

"What is the use of an eye if there is always something in it?" said the needle.

"I can do more work than you," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long," said the pin.

"Why not?" asked the needle.

"Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you can't bend without breaking your back," said the pin.

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again," said the needle.

"I'll put your eye out if you touch me," said the pin.

Remembering that life hangs by a single thread," said the pin.

Soon a little girl came in and began to sew. While she was sewing, the needle worked at the pin and pulled it out.

Then she drew it away in the dirt with the needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle. "Then both said: 'I did us no good. This is all I have become of all jobs, quarrelsome people.'"

ALFREDA E. BROSNOFF, Age 12. Norwich.

The Bundle of Rods.

A man had seven sons who were always quarrelling. They left their studies and work to quarrel. Some had men were looking forward to the death of their father to cheat the sons out of their property by making them quarrel about it.

The good old man one day called his sons around him. He laid before them seven sticks which were bound together, and said:

"Each one of you can break this bundle. Each one tried but could not break it. After a long but vain trial they gave up. 'It is impossible,' they said. 'And yet nothing is easier,' said the father. He then broke the bundle, one by one, with perfect ease. 'Aha!' said the father, 'as I said, nothing is easier. It will be with you, my sons. So long as you are united you will prosper, and no one can injure you; but if the bundle is broken, it will happen to you as it did to the sticks.'"

ROSE MURPHY, Age 9. Taftville.

A Rainy Day.

It was raining hard and there were few people on the street. In a mansion at one of the windows was a girl who had been playing on the piano. The rain had spoiled their pleasure, so you know why she looked so desolate. In the room was the nurse, with the baby, and the other three children were cuddled at her feet.

There were five children—Richard, Myrtle, John, Francis and James, the baby. The oldest girl said:

"O dear! I wish I could think of some game to play."

Then nurse said to her: "No games to play? Couldn't you play you were actors and actresses?"

"Oh, yes, we could do that! We'll ask mother if we can have some of the clothes in the garret."

Away they went and soon appeared in their new costumes. They were soon arrayed in them and their first play was "Beauty and the Beast," and James played the part of the Beast. Soon the bell rang, and they said to each other that they would know what to play on another rainy day.

MARY SHUGRUE, Age 11. Norwich.

Spring is Here.

Uncle Jed: O goodly, goodly! Spring is here, as the trees have begun to bud and the grass is shooting its blades up through the ground. The birds must be cheerful in the south, as we can hear them sing every morning. The peeping frogs are calling, too. I am so pleased that spring is here, as Brother and I can go out in the garden with Papa to dig, and it won't be long before we can go to the meadow to pick Mayflowers and violets, too.

We just love to go to the meadow for flowers.

I think the summer is the best, as we can take our dolls out for a walk, and there are lots of nice things we can do in summer we can't do in winter. Coasting is nice in winter, but we get so cold we can't stay out long.

GRACE M. LOWE, Age 7. Howard, R. I.

Catherine's Dream.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once upon a time Catherine dreamed that she saw two rabbits come out of the wood, and one said to the other:

"Let's have a quarrel like two-legged people!"

Then one rabbit got two sticks and said: "Now, I will begin; I will say those sticks are mine and you say they are yours."

Said number one: "Those sticks are mine."

Said number two: "Very well, you may have them."

Said the first one said: "Don't you know we never shall quarrel at this rate?"

"Yes," said number two, "it takes two to make a quarrel, but one can end it."

HARRIET B. ELLISON, Age 11. Willimantic.

The Colt Grows Bigger Every Day.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have three little pigs, and when they are hungry they will put their front feet on the fence and squeal. They eat out of a box. I have five little Maltese kittens. The colt is growing bigger every day.

My dog's name is Joker. He sleeps on the porch in a box every night. He catches many jack rabbits and eats them.

Your niece,
NELLIE LAMB, Age 10. Woodland, Cal.

Likes to Live on a Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would send you a letter.

We have just moved from the city, and I like the country. We have been in the country going on two years.

We have four cows and four calves and two horses and a hundred chickens.

ABRAHAM MADISON DE GRAY, Age 8. Brooklyn.

She Has a Kitten Named Teddy.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little girl, 10 years old. I have one little kitten named Teddy, and he is a great mouser.

When I open the door in the morning he climbs upon my knee.

I also have a great big dog named Ponto. He is a fine watch dog, and will

Rheumatism

is relieved by

Sulphur Water Baths

which can be quickly, conveniently and cheaply made with warm water and

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Excellent also for skin diseases and to induce sleep when restless and wakeful. All druggists.

Glenn's Bath and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

He Belongs to the Grange.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am very much interested in the Wide Awake Circle. All winter my papa has given the little birds made to eat out on the snow. Sometimes there are 12 or 15 come to eat at a time.

I go to school every day. The game I play mostly is "prisoner's base." I have a good deal of fun. There are 17 scholars in my school.

In the summer time I pick berries and weed onions.

I belong to the juvenile grange. There is about 10 members in all.

Last summer I got a soap order and got me a writing desk.

V. M. S., Age 11. Hampton.

My Dog and Birds.

My dog's name is Dash. Dash is a very quiet dog. She is a black spaniel about 3 years old and, when she wants a drink she will go over to the sink and drink until you give it to her. When she had puppies I gave them each a name.

She has three birds. One is a goldfinch, the color of the rainbow. The goldfinch came from Ireland last year. I have two canaries, one all yellow, and one green and yellow. The green and yellow canary is going to get some little birds soon.

HANNAH MCCARTHY, Age 11. Norwich.

The Maid and Her Eggs.

Once there was a little maid who had some eggs in a basket on her head. She said:

"I will take these eggs home and put them under my chicks. They will say to me 'Hoop, hoop, hoop!' When they are hatched I will sell them and I will get a pretty new hat and a pretty new dress and a nice new coat."

When she got half way home she dropped her basket of eggs. Then she began to cry. She said:

"I shall have no new coat, no beautiful dress, and no pretty hat. I shall have to do without them all."

Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.

VENNA L. ROBERTSON, Age 10. Taftville.

The Little Girl Who Changed Her Mind.

I knew a little girl who wished to go to school. The day she was five years old her mother sent her to school and she was delighted. She went passed and the teacher told the little girl's mother that she was the nicest little girl in school for behavior. The next day she was in school and she was in the second grade. She was then taken sick, which put her back, and her ambition fell; and then she was in the third grade. She had to stay in the grade two years.

The little girl felt very bad when she was in the third grade. She was going to the higher grade; but her mother cheered her up and told her if God would spare her health, she would go to the fourth grade.

The next term she got in the third grade; but her ambition had not come back. She got promoted to the fourth grade at the end of the term. Her ambition seemed then to come back to her, and she worked hard. At the end of the term she got promoted to the fifth grade, and she was delighted for she did not think she would be.

She started in at the beginning of the term, and as the weeks came her lessons were learned, and she felt just as ambitious for her school as she did when she started in the first grade. And I do hope by next year I will be in the sixth grade.

EDNA ALQUIST, Age 11. Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Spring is Here.

Uncle Jed: O goodly, goodly! Spring is here, as the trees have begun to bud and the grass is shooting its blades up through the ground. The birds must be cheerful in the south, as we can hear them sing every morning. The peeping frogs are calling, too. I am so pleased that spring is here, as Brother and I can go out in the garden with Papa to dig, and it won't be long before we can go to the meadow to pick Mayflowers and violets, too.

We just love to go to the meadow for flowers.

I think the summer is the best, as we can take our dolls out for a walk, and there are lots of nice things we can do in summer we can't do in winter. Coasting is nice in winter, but we get so cold we can't stay out long.

GRACE M. LOWE, Age 7. Howard, R. I.

Catherine's Dream.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once upon a time Catherine dreamed that she saw two rabbits come out of the wood, and one said to the other:

"Let's have a quarrel like two-legged people!"

Then one rabbit got two sticks and said: "Now, I will begin; I will say those sticks are mine and you say they are yours."

Said number one: "Those sticks are mine."

Said number two: "Very well, you may have them."

Said the first one said: "Don't you know we never shall quarrel at this rate?"

"Yes," said number two, "it takes two to make a quarrel, but one can end it."

HARRIET B. ELLISON, Age 11. Willimantic.

The Colt Grows Bigger Every Day.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have three little pigs, and when they are hungry they will put their front feet on the fence and squeal. They eat out of a box. I have five little Maltese kittens. The colt is growing bigger every day.

My dog's name is Joker. He sleeps on the porch in a box every night. He catches many jack rabbits and eats them.

Your niece,
NELLIE LAMB, Age 10. Woodland, Cal.